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To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

ROSA....A MORAL TALE.

Continued from p. 107, No. VII.

ROSA replied not, but taking Janet's arm, proceeded in silence, which was first interrupted by the latter, who breathless and fatigued, found it impossible to keep up with the quick agitated step of our heroine.

"Heigh! Sirs! Lady," she said, "ye dinna conseeder, I'm no sae young as yer bonie sel! time was, when Janet could hae footed it wi' the cantiest chiel; but lake-a-day! we canna be a'ways young!"

Rosa, though extremely anxious to return to her mother, in compliance with Janet's feebleness, walked slower; and they had but one turning to make, before they reached Mrs. Echlin's, when a man, with his hat slouched, passing them quick, jostled against Janet so forcibly, as to throw her down; Rosa uttered a faint scream, and dropping the bundle, assisted her to rise. For a few moments, she received no other answer to her inquiries, if she was hurt, than an unintelligible jargon of Scotch exclamations, against "the vile loon, wha had thrown her doon!" She had at length the satisfaction of ascertaining, that she was not materially injured. She then stooped for her bundle; but her consternation may be better conceived than described, when she perceived no trace of it. A confused recollection of what she had heard, of tricks, and London sharpers, occurred to her, now too late. She groaned in agony, and clasping her hands, franticly exclaimed, "Oh God! what will become of me?" Janet's consternation could only be equalled by her own. Mrs. St. Clair's ghastly countenance was presented to Rosa in fancy.

"Oh! my mother!" she said, "my suffering mother! can I return to see thee die, without food, without nourishment?" Her frame shook with contending emotions. No, no, I will not; I will fly to Mrs. Echlin! Ah! can she reject the truth, when confessed to her? I will work to pay the shirts, and I will implore her, by the blessed spirit of mercy, to advance me sufficient to procure sustenance for my mother!"

Her brain seemed to whirl round, and she rapidly darted forward, forgetful of poor Janet, who finding it impossible to overtake her, and not knowing whither to follow her, determined to return to tell "the guid auld lady, what had befa'n her bonie bit lassie;" and to relate her fears, "that it had a' at yince jumpet into the puir thing's brains, for she rinn'd as gin she had ta'en leave o' her senses!" In the interim, poor Rosa, wild and breathless, presented herself before Mrs. Echlin. To an unprejudiced observer, her agitation, and the unaffected distress her tale bespoke, would have brought immediate conviction of its truth; but added to a character, by no means amiable or compassionate, the malicious Mrs. Woodly had already poured her poison of detraction into a bosom, but too ready to receive it. Even had Rosa had the good fortune to bring home the shirts in safety, Mrs. Echlin had determined to employ her no more. In such a disposition, she either really did, or what is more likely, affected to disbelieve the whole account.

"A likely story, indeed!" she repeated, viewing the trembling Rosa, with the most pointed contempt. "And so my pretty one, you only lost them a short distance from this; and by some naughty fellow throwing down an old woman too; why did you not bring her also to verify the truth of your assertions? You must hang your next tale better together, child; but dont think I'm to be imposed on, by such a trumped up story; no, no, I know better, you shall be made confess.

"Good Heavens! Madam," said the heart struck Rosa, "you surely do not suspect?"

"Suspect," reiterated Mrs. Echlin. "No, no, but I am quite sure! here Sally! go and tell James to run for a constable; I will see whether I cannot have justice."

"Oh God! you will not, cannot be so cruel," Rosa franticly exclaimed, clinging to the girl, "I adjure you by mercy, by truth, not to condemn me. I am innocent! Oh my mother! my dying mother! prophetic was the last agonized glance I gave you!" Totally overcome she sunk into a chair, while Mrs. Echlin, unmoved by her anguished

exclamations, calmly told the girl, "to go where she desired her;" and she was on the point of obeying her, when a young man of fashionable appearance, who seemed perfectly acquainted with Mrs. Echlin, entered. He said, "he had merely called to take refuge from a curs'd crowd which had collected round a fellow, who had been taken up at a pawn-broker's, under suspicion of pawning a bundle of stolen shirts."

"They are found! they are found! Oh bless you! heaven bless you!" screamed Rosa, and sunk senseless on the floor.

When she again recovered, she found herself supported in the gentleman's arms, whose entrance had relieved her from the fear of being placed under the jurisdiction of a constable; while Mrs. Echlin on one side officiously administered salts.

"Oh dear Miss! how much you have alarmed me," she said, "I am sure I dont think I will get the better of it this month; but I sincerely hope you find yourself recovered." Rosa as she raised herself from her supporter's arms, almost thought, as she took notice to the altered tone of the woman, that she had not yet thoroughly regained her senses.

"I am sure his honour here" continued Mrs. Echlin "has been almost in a state of distraction. But to be sure, there's few like him, so good natured! so compassionate!" Rosa now turned to take a view of his honour who had hitherto stood in silence, at the back of her chair; and her glance was met by a look of such licentious admiration, that it at once impressed her with the danger of her situation; and hastily rising, she addressed Mrs. Echlin.

"You have I trust, madam, obtained a clue to enable you to gain your shirts; and are convinced of the injustice done me by your suspicions."

"Aye to be sure, ma'am, 'twas an ugly mistake, and I have been vexing myself ever since that I had the luck to say any thing about them; for his honour here has been so generous as to say, that even had they been lost, he would pay for them, and twice as many more, rather than you should spoil your pretty eyes with odious work, and if you will only prove grateful, your mother nor you either shall ever want."

Rosa answered her by a look of contempt, and made a movement towards the door; but the woman intercepted her passage, and the gentleman advanced, and to add to Rosa's terror she now perceived he was in a state of intoxication.

"Lovely angel!" he said, forcibly detaining her, "Mrs. Echlin says true; my life, my soul, my fortune, are devoted to your service, small sacrifices if I can obtain your smiles."

"Unhand me, sir!" said Rosa, indignantly struggling with her emotions. "No, no, my lovely girl, you cannot think me such an ideot, as to neglect so favourable an opportunity;" and he endeavoured to force her into the room.

The reason of Rosa, "like a frightened spirit," was again retreating, when the shop door opened, and a customer entered, and with a swiftness which madness only could have given her, she eluded his grasp, and darting down the street, was out of sight in a moment. With an agility, which mocked all pursuit, she hurried along several streets; nor did her scattered faculties permit her to perceive, that her wild walk, and frenzied looks, attracted universal attention. "She is a lunatic! she has escaped from a mad house!" shouted several. "Let us seize her," said a rough looking man, catching her by the robe. A soul-piercing shriek burst from Rosa. "Oh mercy Heaven!" she frantickly exclaimed, "I am innocent!" and springing on the steps of a genteel looking house, she sunk senseless against the door.

But here poor Rosa was fortunate. The spirit of benevolence presided within these walls, in the form of the widowed Mrs. Cleveland; who checking the ungenerous suspicions of the multitude, compassionately ordered a servant to convey the hapless victim into the house, and close the door. Rosa now with glazed eye, glanced wildly around her. Mrs. Cleveland took her hand, but dropped it with horror; for it was burning with the rage of fever.

"I am innocent! indeed I am!" said the poor maniac, "look not so suspiciously on me! but oh! take me to my mother! she will die! my God! she will die!" she more franticly ejaculated. "Janet left me too! and you! you will cruelly, keep me here! I cannot pay for the shirts! they were taken from me! but I am innocent!"

"Poor young creature!" sighed Mrs. Cleveland, gazing on her with pity, "I hope thou art: at all events, in protecting thee, I err on the right side."

A bed was now prepared, the family physician sent for, and every attention necessary procured for the poor invalid. But for more than ten days, the strength of the disorder baffled their utmost efforts. During this time, her ravings were so incoherent, that Mrs. Cleveland could discover no connected clue, to guide her to a knowledge of her friends, or relieve their anxiety. But the moment Rosa was perfectly awake to her present situation, she related to Mrs. Cleveland her simple tale of truth, and in accents of real anguish, implored her to send, and inquire after her mother. The benevolent Mrs. Cleveland lost no time in complying with her entreaties, and lest a servant should mistake, visited the humble house of Janet, herself; but alas! the intelligence she gained, was of the most fatal nature. Mrs. St. Clair, awaked from her uneasy slumber by the uncouth exclamations of Janet, listened to the account of Rosa's loss, and the consequent rapidity with which she darted from Janet's side, with a silence uninterrupted, except by a heavy groan: Janet surprized that she did not answer, hastily drew aside the curtain. In that groan the spirit of the unfortunate Mrs. St. Clair had evaporated, and there remained of her but the ghastly form of death.

"They waited," Janet continued, "twa days for the young lady, when her neibours, ane and a', came and counselled wi' her, to sell a pairt o' her lodger's cleeding, to get the guid lady decently happet up in the kirk yard; she did sae," she said, "and the guid madam attended by her neibours, and hersel, was on that day four days laid in a wee bit village, short o' a mile frae the skirts o' the city, a' that remained," she said, "was unco safe, for the puir young lady, gin she e'er ca'd, to ask for them, and here," she continued, taking from her pocket a very handsome locket, with hair in it, of two different colours, "here was a bonie bit thing, she had about her neck, which, nae doubt, Miss would be glad to hae, and whilk I'll preserve till I see her pretty face."

Mrs. Cleveland was so deeply affected with Janet's simple tale of woe, that unable to articulate, she pressed her purse into the good old creature's hand, and with a heart overwhelmed with the emotions of sorrow and benevolence, she hastened to break the intelligence to Rosa.

Mrs. Cleveland was the widow of one of the most dissipated men of his age; who not only contrived, ere he fell a victim to his debaucheries, to spend a considerable property she brought him, but to ruin her happiness, and impair her health. On his death, Mrs. Cleveland with a fortitude that did her honour, summoned his numerous creditors; and in the fulfilment of justice retained for herself, nothing but her jointure, about four hundred a year. In default of her issue, it was to descend to the children of a favoured sister, who resided in Ireland; and as Mrs. Cleveland continued childless, the property was considered as their own. Mrs. Cleveland's establishment was genteel, though not profuse; her society as much as possible selected, and her hand and her heart equally open to the melting impulses of charity. Her health during Mr. Cleveland's life, had been too much impaired, to be ever perfectly reinstated; and she had often wished for an interesting female companion, who would soothe the situde of sickness by the charms of conversation, and relieve her at times by doing the honours of her house. Just such a one had Providence, she thought, bestowed her in Rosa; young, deserted, and interesting; and her bosom swelled with the most benevolent plans for her welfare. The intelligence she had to communicate, though conveyed in the tenderest

manner, was the occasion of a severe relapse of Rosa's fever; and slow and tedious was her second recovery; for it was corroded by the bitter tears shed for a departed mother.

On this gloomy season however we will not dwell; nor on her melancholy meeting with the good old Janet, from whom she received the locket, which she had been often told by her mother, contained the hair of both parents; though she knew not but her father had been long dead. Mrs. Cleveland amply rewarded the affection of Janet, and while Rosa in the broken accents of a grateful heart, acknowledged her goodness, she entreated her to crown it all, by permitting her to accompany Janet on a visit to the grave of her mother. To this Mrs. Cleveland, after some time thought it better to consent, than to agitate her by contradiction; but with her usual consideration, determined to accompany her; and as her income by no means allowed the support of a carriage, she ordered a hackney coach, for privacy, and in a few hours, they, with Janet, were set down at a small public house, in the village, whence they walked to the humble church-yard; which was picturesquely situated in a green and hollow dell, surrounded with wild woodbine, and roses; and here in a little sheltered spot, Janet pointed out Mrs. St. Clair's grave. Tall weeds, intermingled with wild flowers, waved over the humble mound; and a plain white stone erected by the orders of Mrs. Cleveland, simply told the name of the deceased. Rosa's heart throbbed with a variety of emotions. "My mother! my angel mother!" she feebly articulated, as she sunk on the grave, and the long grass concealed her burning tears. Mrs. Cleveland suffered the first torrent to flow, ere she disturbed her. She then insisted on her departure, and pale, and cold as marble, she suffered herself to be led away; yet it was with a pang, that almost annihilated existence.

A long and gloomy period of dejection now ensued; but the youthful heart is not formed to despair, and the stroke which would crush the debility of age, presses lightly on the elastic spirit of youth. Rosa's disposition was naturally very lively; but hitherto it had been crushed, and its energies repelled by continued misfortune. But now, beloved by Mrs. Cleveland; introduced to a large circle of friends, to every one of whom, she was their dear incomparable Rosa; every word she said applauded; every look admired; what wonder, that her heart gave the credence of truth to all she heard, and that fond visions of felicity danced in rosy forms before her?

Rosa thought the generality of her acquaintance amiable; but there was one in particular enthusiastically regarded; loved almost to a degree impassioned. She was a young widow, a favourite also with Mrs. Cleveland: left by her husband, in rather confined circumstances, Mrs. Lendrick by the most strenuous efforts, had placed herself, and three children, in a genteel situation of life. A congeniality of sentiment appeared to unite her and Rosa. Just so enthusiastic were her feelings, just so warm her approbation of genius and worth. Rosa stiled her the sister of her heart; and dear was she then to that heart, as the warm blood which circled round it.

Ah Rosa! unsuspecting Rosa! you have yet to learn a harsh lesson, envenomed with the bitterness of despair; you have yet to learn the agony of finding deceit in the being you confided in; to learn, that not all who say you are dear to them, are sincere; that many conceal under the mask of professions, the ranklings of hatred and malice; and that few, few, are like yourself, guileless and warm-hearted.

Rosa, though she had devoted her heart to friendship, had as yet experienced no warmer sentiments, but she was not long permitted to remain insensible to them. A gentleman who was extremely intimate with Mrs. Cleveland, requested her permission to introduce to her notice, a young foreigner, who had been making a tour through England; and as yet had formed but few intimacies in the metropolis. The naivete of Mr. de Clifford's broken English; his elegant manners, added to a gaiety, which

spread its influence all around him, irresistibly called forth Rosa's most animated admiration. Her vanity was also highly flattered by the decided attention he paid her from the moment he was introduced. Our Rosa was no faultless monster. She was much too romantic, and too hasty in many of her judgments; and ere many weeks elapsed, the interesting stranger found her warm heart all his own. Mrs. Cleveland beheld this attachment with mingled pleasure and pain. Her own health was precarious, and declining; and she certainly wished to to see Rosa settled, ere she should be called from her; but those wishes rather pointed at others whose establishment and connections could be more decidedly ascertained. Rosa, however, thought not so cautiously, for hers was the season of youth and credulity.

When Mr. De Clifford laid his proposals before Mrs. Cleveland, she seriously questioned him, as to the propriety of his entering into so important an engagement without the consent of his friends. The young Swiss replied, "That his father never had, and he was convinced never would contradict his wishes, and that no other of his friends had a right to controul him, nor had he a doubt of his Rosa's meeting a reception worthy of her, in his native country."

"You intend then," said Mrs. Cleveland, turning pale, "to take her immediately to Switzerland?" "With your permission, certainly, Madam."

Mrs. Cleveland's heart felt chilled, though she knew not wherefore. "Would it not be better," she continued, in a tremulous voice, "to defer your marriage till you can prepare a proper establishment for your wife, in your native country?" This the impassioned wishes of the young man at once rejected; but as he still perceived Mrs. Cleveland hesitate, he added, "that if permitted to make his Rosa his own, irrevocably beyond the power of fate to snatch her from him, he would in a short time consent to leave the treasure of his heart under her protection, until he made a voyage to Switzerland, to prepare his friends to receive her. At that period," he somewhat haughtily added, "I doubt not of bringing documents with me, sufficiently respectable to convince her, that in promising her happiness as far as I can be the means of making her happy and ensuring her a kind reception, I say not too much. For the present, I have bills on the bank of England, more than sufficient for our support until I reach home."

A glance of entreaty from the dark eye of Rosa, who was present, joined to this generous offer, induced Mrs. Cleveland to form no more objections, which she also saw would be useless, and the young couple were made happy in the accomplishment of their mutual wishes. As Mrs. Cleveland's health, however, was much too precarious to permit her to share in, or endure the routine of visiting, which generally attends a wedding, Mr. De Clifford took genteel lodgings for his wife, and they shone forth at once the meteors and the favourites of the season. Mrs. De Clifford was even more loved, more sought after than Rosa St. Clair, and none was more fervent in her wishes for her happiness, none more profuse in her professions of friendship, or apparently more rejoiced in her prospects than Mrs. Lendrick; yet, Rosa was not happy. She found, too late, that Mr. De Clifford was not "all that youthful poets fancy, when they love". His broken English gave him a pleasing appearance of simplicity of character; this he by no means possessed, and an enthusiasm of manner, which promised the man of taste and genius, and which he had mechanically attained, was of considerable advantage to him. Here precisely was it, his character failed—His mind could not assimilate with Rosa's—he was by no means the intelligent, the enlightened companion she expected to find him. Volatile, and fond of company, he existed but in a croud. The emanations of genius or sentiment he heard unmoved, and though he seemed to adore Rosa, yet he often treated her opinions on these points with a degree of ridicule which deeply wounded her. It was his most ardent wish to see her admired, yet like a way-ward child, when his desires were gratified he quarrelled with them, and jealous of the least attention she

paid to another, would often interrupt, and snatch her from the most pleasing conversation. Rosa in vain strove to change the current of his ideas, and attach him to domestic life; till at length, chilled by frequent repulses, she endeavoured to crush in her own heart every sentiment which had formerly inspired it; and tried to soften the bitterness of disappointment by plunging with equal avidity as himself into every amusement.

To be concluded in our next.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,

THE enclosed account of the progress of vaccination in Ireland, taken from the report of the Institution in Dublin, will, no doubt, obtain ready admission in your pages; some of which, I perceive, have been already devoted to the consideration of this subject. The annexed paper may be useful in removing the prejudices which still exist against the new practice. More extensive publication may also introduce this valuable discovery more generally through the country parts of Ireland, in many parts of which it has not as yet obtained the notice its merits deserve. A list of subscribers is annexed to the report, which I have not transmitted, as I did not wish to obtrude any unnecessary matter on you. On perusing it, I took notice, not without some regret, that there is no subscriber to the Institution from Belfast, and but one from its neighbourhood. I sincerely hope that the perusal of the following plain statement will induce some individuals of your public-spirited town, to become its advocates, and to disseminate its value more generally through the north of Ireland, by establishing a society here on similar principles, or opening a communication with that in Dublin, so as to render the merits of Vaccine Inoculation more generally known and understood. I am, Sir,

Yours, GALENIUS.

March 2d, 1809.

COW-POCK INSTITUTION,

Under the patronage of his Grace, the Lord Lieutenant, No. 55, Sackville-street.

OPENED on the 14th of January, 1804, under the direction of the undersigned Physicians and Surgeons of this City, for the purposes of securing a succession of Cow-Pock Matter, of inoculating gratuitously the Children of the Poor, and of supplying the different parts of the Kingdom with genuine Infection.

Physicians.	*Surgeons.*
Joseph Clarke,	George Stewart,
James Cleghorn,	Ralph S. Obre,
Thomas Evory.	Solomon Richards.

An Abstract from the Register of Inoculations and Distribution of Matter.

	Patients Inoculated.	Packets issued to Practitioners in general.	Packets to Army Surgeons.
1804	578	776	236
1805	1,032	1,124	178
1806	1,356	1,340	220
1807	2,156	1,790	320
1808	3,002	2,285	333
Totals.	8,124	7,315	1,287

By the foregoing Abstract from the Register of Inoculations and Distribution of Infection, it appears, that the applications for inoculation and supplies of infection increase daily.—The Directors of the Cow-Pock Institution observe, with great satisfaction, that the practice is every day becoming more general, so as to have nearly accomplished, in some parts of Ireland, the extermination of Small Pox. Much credit is due to those Medical Gentlemen, who, by using their utmost exertions and holding out every inducement to all descriptions of people, have succeeded in establishing Vaccination in several districts. The Clergy also, have been of essential service, many of whom inoculate the poor of their respective parishes.

The Incorporated Society have directed, that the practice be adopted in the Charter Schools and Nurseries throughout Ireland. It would be well, if the example were followed by others entrusted with the care of Public Charities, Schools, &c. and those employing young people in Manufactories.

Of *Eight Thousand One Hundred and Twenty Four* patients vaccinated at the Cow-pock Institution, exclusive of a great number inoculated by the Directors in private practice, many hundreds have been exposed, in every possible way, to the contagion of Small Pox, and even inoculated for the disease, yet the Register does not furnish a single instance of Small Pox follow-